



No. 64

**NEW FEATURE**  
**THE BOY**  
**COMMANDOS**



1940

# Detective

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# COMICS

JUNE

10¢





# DAISY Announces the **DEFENDER**

## 1000 SHOT MILITARY MODEL

**ONLY \$5**

Duty added in Canada

**IN THIS STURDY CARTON**

Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's only military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style features (1) 36-Inch Adjustable Gun Sling for carrying Defender, steadier aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety" when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage . . . left and right—for Elevation . . . up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) Oval Lightning-Loader Invention . . . pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy quality from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near you, send us only \$5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

**NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN**  
A 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model American walnut pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt **\$5.00**

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Spring into the saddle—touch spurs to your boot—go thundering across the purple sagebrush plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Saddle Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features: Golden Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—16-Inch Leather Thong—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning-Loader—Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only \$3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

**BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH**

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**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 666 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.**

With 16-INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG ON CARBINE RING! **\$3**

Duty added in Canada

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# BATMAN

WITH

## ROBIN

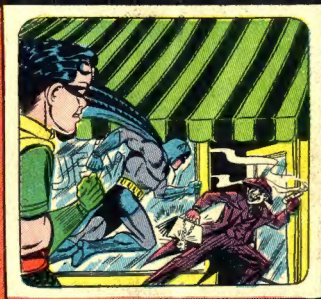
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB  
KANE

### ~OBITUARY~

LAST NIGHT AT 12:05 A.M. A MASTER-CRIMINAL WAS LED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WHERE HE PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES. AFTER YEARS OF DARING EXPLOITS WHICH ONLY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN COULD HOLD IN CHECK, THE CAREER OF THE KING OF CRIME IS ENDED. THE JOKER IS DEAD!

FOR ANY OTHER MAN, THIS OBITUARY WOULD SPELL THE FINISH OF HIS STORY... BUT FOR THE MASTER OF MOCKERY IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A WEIRD ADVENTURE WHEN...  
"THE JOKER WALKS THE LAST MILE!"



CONFESS!

CONFESS!

CONFESS! CONFESS!

CONFESS!

IN THE GRIM LAIR OF THE JOKER, THE MASTER OF MOCKERY MOODILY LURKS WITH HIS HENCHMEN!

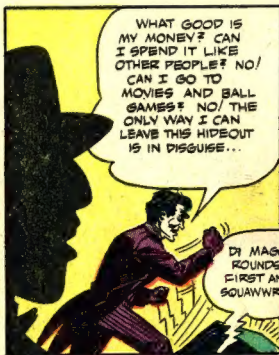
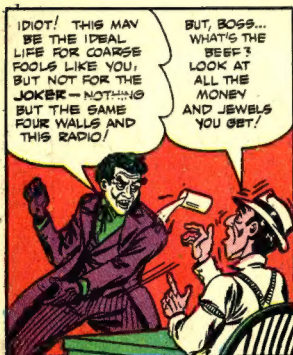
...LAST HALF OF THE FOURTH INNING. DIMAGGIO AT BAT...THE COUNT IS THREE AND TWO...

GEE, WHAT A GAME!

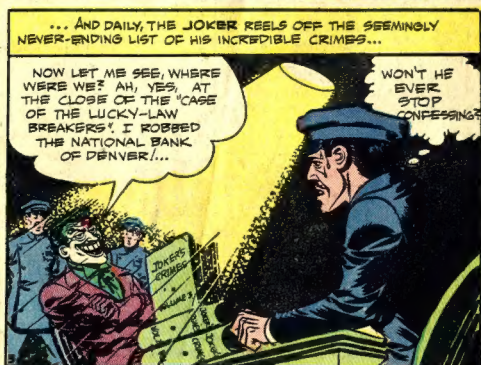
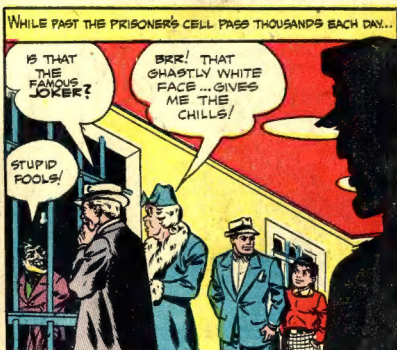
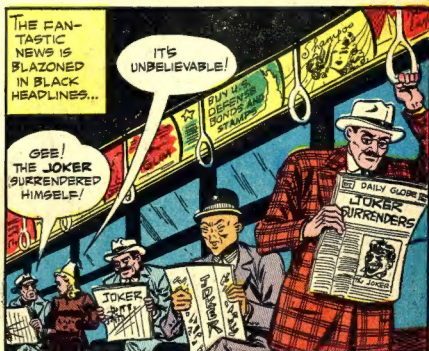
BOY, I COULD SPEND THE REST O' MY DAY LIKE THIS! THIS SURE IS THE LIFE!

DI MAGGIO CONNECTS!









CONFESSION LEADS TO SPEEDY TRIAL AND...

SPEAK UP, YOU OLD FOSSIL! YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN THE JOKER!

YOU HAVE PLEADED GUILTY, JOKER. FOR ALL YOUR CRIMES THERE CAN BE BUT ONE PENALTY...THE SUPREME PENALTY!



I SENTENCE YOU TO... DEATH!

HA-HA-HA-HA!

SWIFTLY, THE DREAD DOOM OF JUSTICE OVERTAKES THE MOCKING JESTER!

SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS LAST MILE, EH? DON'T CRY, BOYS...THIS WILL HURT ME WORSE THAN IT'LL HURT YOU! HA! HA!

YOU'RE NOT HUMAN, JOKER! AREN'T YOU EVER AFRAID?



A SWITCH IS PULLED... TITANIC BOLTS OF ELECTRICITY CRACKLE THROUGH THE JOKER'S BODY!



I PRONOUNCE THIS MAN DEAD!

THE JOKER'S CAREER IS OVER. HE'S PAID THIS PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE PRISON MORGUE...

STEP ASIDE, COPPER! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A FRIEND!

HURRY UP, GUYS! THE JOKER SAID WE ONLY HAD FIFTEEN MINUTES OR THE SERUM WOULDN'T WORK!



MAKE IT SNAPPY, YOU GUYS! HOW MUCH MORE TIME WE GOT, CHARLEY?

NOT MUCH! MAYBE A MINUTE OR TWO!



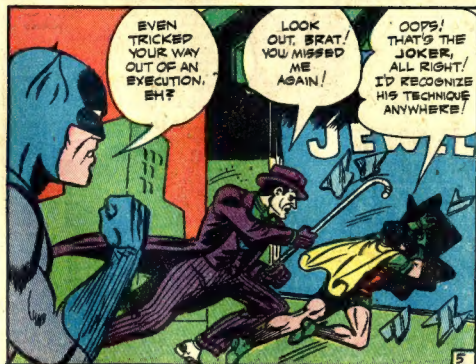
AND NEARBY, IN THE JOKER'S PRIVATE AMBULANCE...

FORCE THE SERUM INTO HIS MOUTH! QUICK!

TIME'S ALMOST UP... GEE, D'YA THINK IT'LL WORK?







AT THE POLICE COURT, BATMAN DUMPS HIS BUNDLE OF REFUSE....

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR THE POLICE. LOCK HIM UP FOR KEEPS THIS TIME!

LOCK ME UP? RIDICULOUS! I'VE ALREADY PAID THE PENALTY FOR MY CRIMES. THE LAW SAYS A MAN CANNOT BE PLACED IN DOUBLE JEOPARDY FOR THE SAME CRIMES!

THROUGH A CUNNING LEGAL TRICK, THE JOKER IS FREE!

UNFORTUNATELY, THE JOKER IS RIGHT. SINCE HE WAS EXECUTED HE IS FREE NOW!

BATMAN, I COULD CHARGE YOU WITH ASSAULT, BUT NOW THAT I'M FREE, I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME GENEROUS! GOOD DAY, SIR!

YES, THE JOKER IS FREE, BUT STILL THE BATMAN AND ROBIN MAINTAIN A CEASELESS WATCH BY DAY...

SO FAR HE HASN'T LEFT HIS APARTMENT ALL DAY!

ANYTHING SO FAR, BRUCE?

NOTHING, DICK! HE HASN'T MADE A MOVE!

AND BY NIGHT.

SHINE, KID. ANYTHING YET, DICK?

OKAY, MISTER.. NOTHING, BRUCE!

WHILE INSIDE THE JOKER'S ROOM...

HA! THOSE STUPID DETECTIVES WATCH THE JOKER. THEY NEVER DREAM THAT I'M SENDING MESSAGES TO MY MEN WITH THIS HOTEL SIGN BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES!

I KNOW THE POLICE ARE TAPPING MY PHONE... BUT THEY CAN'T SUSPECT THIS TRICK... A CORD CONNECTED TO A SWITCH I'VE SPLICED ONTO THE CURRENT WIRES... HA! HA! HA! HA!

AND AS THE SIGN FLINKS OFF A DOT AND DASH CODE. FAR ACROSS THE CITY..

THE JOKER SAYS FOR US TO PULL THE ARENA JOB TONIGHT.. AND TO ROB HIM, TOO, SO'S HE'LL LOOK INNOCENT!



LATER... THE WAYNE HOME...

WE KNOW THE JOKER WON'T GO STRAIGHT! FREE, HE'S A GREATER MENACE THAN BEFORE! WE'VE GOT TO TRAP HIM!

BUT HOW?

WE'LL DOPE OUT SOMETHING. RIGHT NOW, LET'S GET SOME ENTERTAINMENT. YOU'VE WORKED HARD ENOUGH!

SWELL, BRUCE! LET'S SEE THE ICE SHOW!

ARRIVING EARLY AT THE ICE SHOW, BRUCE AND DICK RELAX WHILE THEY WAIT...

FEELS GOOD TO FORGET THE JOKER FOR A FEW MINUTES... BRUCE, WHAT'S THAT MAN DOING WITH THE HOSE?

HE'S WETTING THE ICE TO SMOOTH IT FOR THE SKATERS. THOSE PIPES UNDER THE SURFACE CONTAIN ETHYL CHLORIDE THAT WILL FREEZE THE WATER QUICKLY!

BUT A MOMENT BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS, ANOTHER PATRON ENTERS THE BOX!

AH. JUST IN TIME! PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE I HAVE A TICKET FOR THIS BOX, TOO!

OH... ER... NOT AT ALL!

G-SLUG!

THE SHOW IS ON! BUT AS GAY SKATERS GLIDE OVER THE GLASSY SURFACE...

BRUCE, LOOK! THE FREEZING PIPES UNDER THE ICE...

THEY'RE GLOWING WHITE HOT!

THE PIPES BLAST OPEN AT ONE END OF THE ARENA, RELEASING FUMES OF CHOKING ETHYL CHLORIDE GAS!

SOMEONE HEATED THE FREEZING SOLUTION AND RAN IT THROUGH THE FREEZING SYSTEM.

G-GAS! IT'S GETTING IN MY EYES!

AND WHILE THE BLINDED AUDIENCE REELS...

WE'RE BEING ROBBED!

SHUT UP, POP! HAND OVER YOUR WALLET!

ATTA BOY, CHARLEY! GEE, I WISH I HAD ME SKATES!

TH-THIS IS AN OUTRAGE. THE P-POLICE SHALL HEAR ABOUT THIS!

HAND OVER THAT GOLD WATCH AND WALLET! HEY, GUYS, GET A LOAD O' ME ROBBING THE JOKER! HA-HA!

SLIPPING ON COSTUMES  
IN A SECLUDED CORNER,  
AND BORROWING ICE  
SKATES FROM THE PER-  
FORMERS, THE DYNAMIC  
DUO SKATE ONTO THE ICE!

YOU BOYS ARE  
GOING TO STAY  
ON ICE FOREVER  
WHEN I'M THROUGH  
WITH YOU!

HEY!  
LOOK  
WHO'S  
HERE!

HERE'S  
WHERE  
THE FUN  
BEGINS!

THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!  
NOW'S OUR  
CHANCE TO PUT  
'EM AWAY!

DON'T SHOOT HIM  
DOWN TOO FAST, GUYS.  
THIS AIN'T A PLEASURE  
WE'LL EVER REPEAT!  
LET'S ENJOY  
IT!

QUICK,  
ROBIN!  
TURN ON  
THE WATER,  
FULL FORCE!

TERRIFIC  
WATER  
PRESSURE  
DRIVES AN ICY  
SPRAY AT THE  
THUGS!

YOU BOYS  
DON'T KNOW  
IT, BUT I'M  
CLEANING  
YOU UP!

HEY!  
THIS AIN'T  
SATURDAY!

SUDDENLY THE  
BATMAN TURNS,  
RACES TO THE  
FAR END OF THE  
RINK...

..SWINGS BACK IN A WIDE  
ARC, AND RETURNS AT A  
BREATHTAKING SPEED...

OKAY, ROBIN!  
ENOUGH  
OF THAT!

..HERE  
GOES  
NOTHING!

ASPECTACULAR  
LEAP  
INTO SPACE...

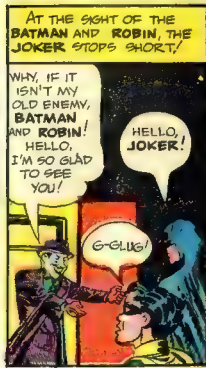
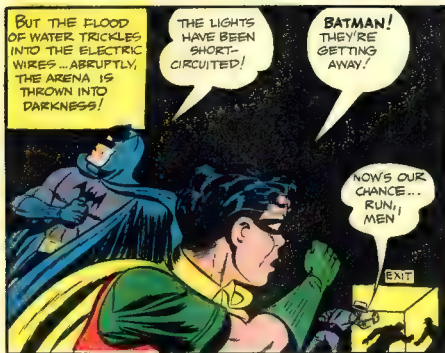
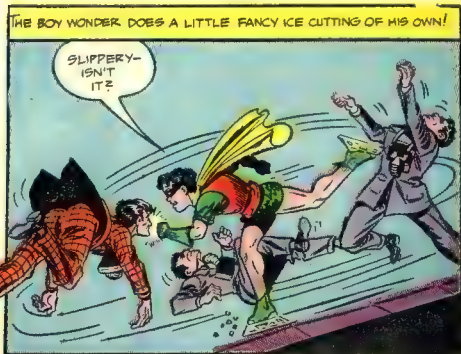
R-ROLL OUT THE  
BARREL... WE'LL  
HAVE A BARREL  
& O' FUN...

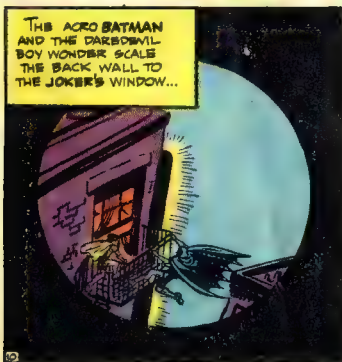
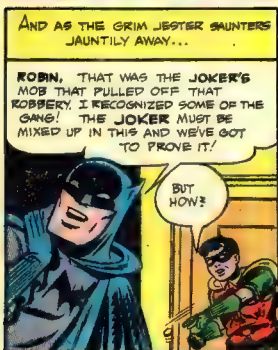
HURRAY!  
BATMAN!

I DIDN'T  
KNOW  
THE BATMAN  
COULD  
FLY!

OOFS! PARDON  
ME, GENTLEMEN!  
I MUST HAVE  
SLIPPED.  
TSK-TSK!









BUT WHEN THE LIGHTS FLASH ON...



THERE'LL BE NO  
ROUGH STUFF THIS  
TIME, MY FRIENDS. THESE  
POLICE WILL TESTIFY  
THAT YOU BROKE INTO  
MY ROOM. I'M  
CHARGING YOU  
WITH BURGLARY!

WH-WHY...  
THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS!

A GRIM TURN OF THE TABLES SWITCHES  
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TO THE WRONG  
SIDE OF THE LAW!



SORRY, BATMAN, BUT  
YOU'RE GUILTY, ALL  
RIGHT! WE GOT TO  
TAKE YOU IN!

WAIT, GIVE ME  
JUST A MINUTE...  
THAT'S ALL I ASK...  
NO MORE...NO LESS!

I HOPE  
THIS  
WORKS!



UNAWARE OF  
THE BATMAN'S  
RUSE, THE  
JOKER TAKES  
OUT HIS GOLD  
WATCH  
TO TIME  
HIS ENEMY.  
Then...

ONE  
MINUTE!  
I...ER...

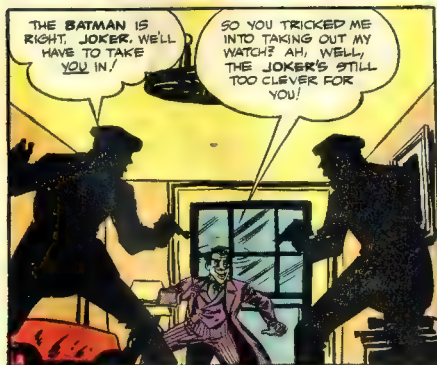


TOO LATE TO HIDE IT,  
JOKER! THAT'S THE  
GOLD WATCH THAT  
WAS STOLEN FROM THE  
JOKER THIS EVENING  
AT THE ICE  
SHOW!

WHAT  
ABOUT  
IT?

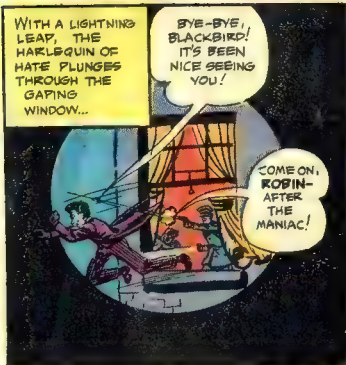


THE JOKER COULD  
ONLY HAVE RECEIVED  
HIS WATCH FROM  
THE CROOKS: THAT  
MAKES HIM AN  
ACCESSORY TO THE  
CRIME AND GUILTY  
OF RECEIVING STOLEN  
GOODS!



THE BATMAN IS  
RIGHT, JOKER. WE'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE  
YOU IN!

SO YOU TRICKED ME  
INTO TAKING OUT MY  
WATCH? AH, WELL,  
THE JOKER'S STILL  
TOO CLEVER FOR  
YOU!



WITH A LIGHTNING  
LEAP, THE  
HARLEQUIN OF  
HATE PLUNGES  
THROUGH THE  
GAPING  
WINDOW...

BYE-BYE,  
BLACKBIRD!  
IT'S BEEN  
NICE SEEING  
YOU!

COME ON,  
ROBIN-  
AFTER  
THE  
MANIAC!

PLUMMETING DOWNWARD IN FLAILING FLIGHT, THE JOKER BREAKS HIS FALL WITH CUNNING AGILITY.

HEY, BUDDY! WHAT GIVES OUT YOU CAN'T HITCH RIDES... THIS IS AN ARMY "JEEP!"

YOU IDIOT, I'M THE JOKER! MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR WHOLE SILLY ARMY!

SORRY, BUT THE JOKER PERMITS NO HITCH-HIKERS IN HIS JEEP!

OWWW!

AS THE GRIM JESTER ROARS THROUGH THE CITY, THE CAPED COMRADES VAULT INTO THE BAT-MOBILE...

BURN UP THE ROAD, ROBIN! THE JOKER IS DRIVING OUT TOWARD THE COUNTRY.

HANG ON, BATMAN! WE'RE ROLLING!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE SPEEDING CAR STREAKS THROUGH THE CITY SUBURBS.

WE'RE CLOSE TO OUR HOUSE, ROBIN! I'M GOING FOR THE BATPLANE! STAY ON THE JOKER'S TRAIL!

BATMAN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

IN THAT JEEP HE CAN LEAVE THE ROAD AND GO ANYWHERE. ONLY A PLANE COULD TAIL HIM!

HIGH IN THE VAULT OF THE BLACK NIGHT, THE BATMAN TRACES THEIR PREY'S FRANTIC FLIGHT FOR ROBIN!

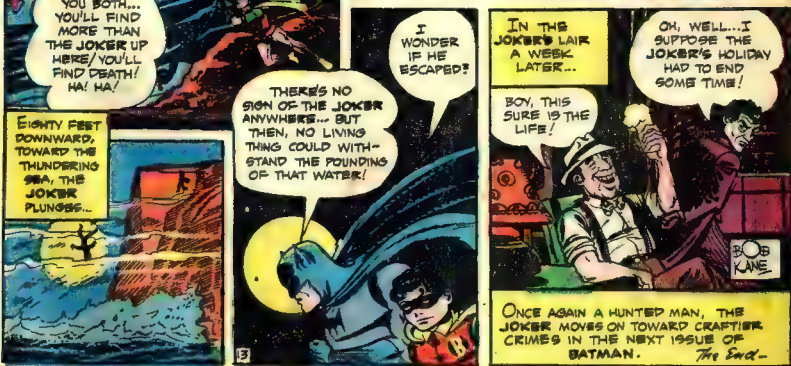
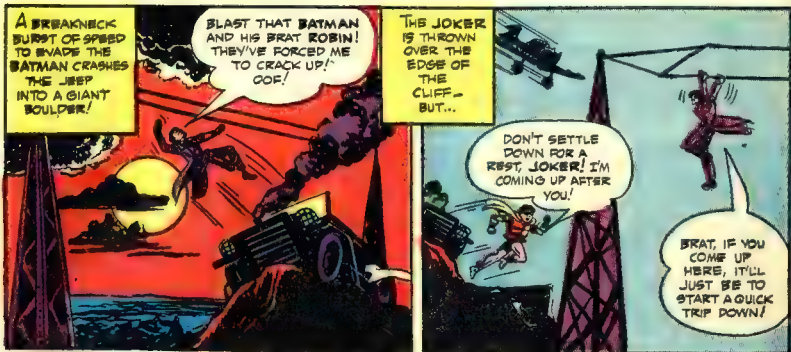
BATPLANE CALLING BAT-MOBILE! TAKE THE NEXT LEFT TURN TO CUT OFF JOKER! PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE!

BATPLANE TO BATMOBILE... WILL FLY DIRECTLY OVER JOKER. FOLLOW MY TAIL-LIGHT!

BATMOBILE TO BATPLANE... CHECK! WILL TURN LEFT!

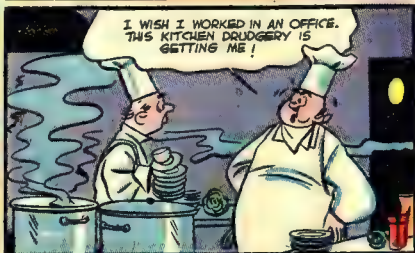
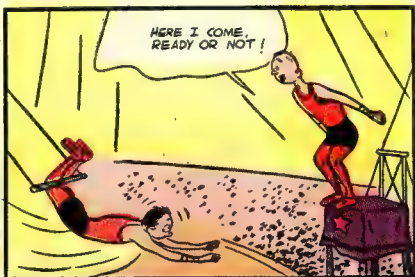
BATMOBILE TO BATPLANE! CHECK AGAIN!



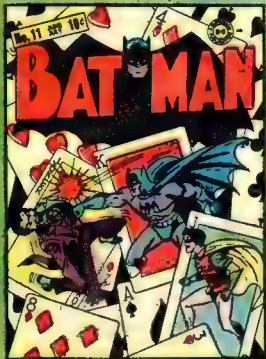


# SMILES

Wally  
Batferry

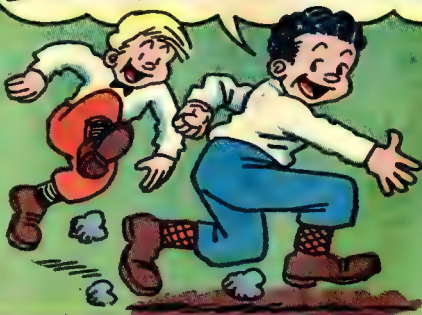


## JOIN UP WITH THE WINNING TEAM!



NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE

C'MON, FELLAS! LET'S GO ALONG  
WITH FLATTERMANN AND SNARD  
AS THEY BLAST THROUGH OUR  
BATMAN AND DETECTIVE SCANS!





# THE BOY COMMANDOS

by  
JOE SIMON  
and  
JACK KIRBY

Starring  
**RIP CARTER**

I'M CAPTAIN  
RIP CARTER.  
FOLKS, MY JOB IS  
LEADING AN OUTFIT  
OF TOUGH COMMANDOS  
AND KEEPING AN EYE  
ON THOSE YOUNG  
WILDCATS, OUR  
COMPANY MASQOTS...  
WE'RE A FEW AGAINST  
MANY... BUT HOW  
THOSE NAZIS RUN  
WHEN WE GET  
STARTED!

BON SOIR, MY FRIENDS:  
...WE ARE OFF TO RAID  
THE BOCHE IN  
FRANCE! THE COM-  
MANDOS WILL AVENGE  
MANY OF MY ENLAVED  
COUNTRYMEN TO-  
NIGHT OR MY NAME  
IS NOT PIERRE  
CHAVARD!

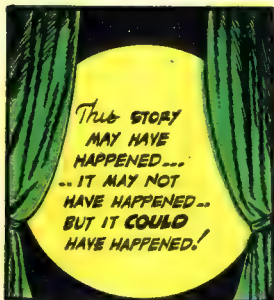
I AM JAN HAAGEN.  
THE NAZIS DE-  
STROYED MY FAMILY  
AS THEY DID MY  
BELOVED HOLLAND!  
... AND I WILL  
STAY AND FIGHT  
WITH THE COM-  
MANDOS UNTIL  
MY COUNTRY IS  
AGAIN FREE!

CHEER! AN'  
THUMBS UP  
FOLKS? ALBY  
TWIDGETTS  
GOING TA  
MYKE WIT  
PRETTY OT  
FER THE  
JERRIES  
TONOIT!

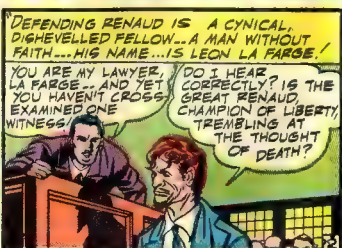
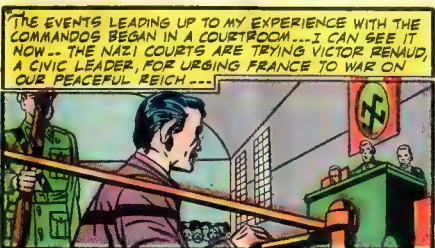
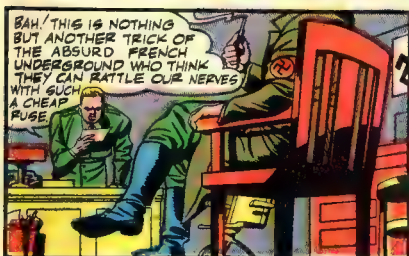
BROOKLYN'S  
ME NAME SEEF  
...AN' DAT'S ME  
MOB, SEEF?  
... WE'RE OUT TA  
GET HITLER  
AND HIS MOB  
CUZ DER  
AIN'T ROOM  
FER BOTH OF  
US, SEEF?



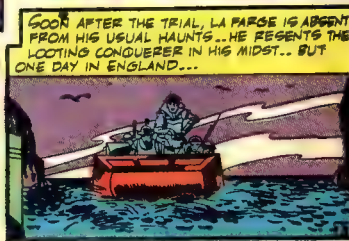
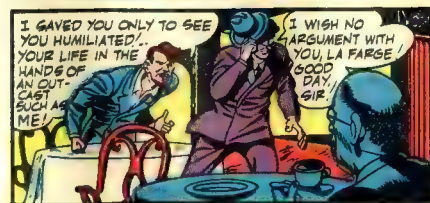
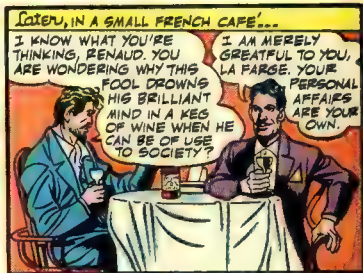
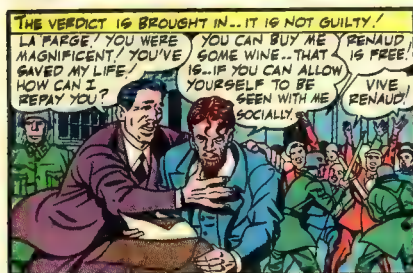
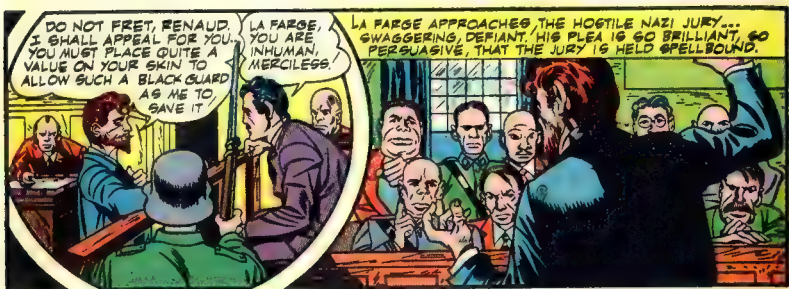
WHAT IS THIS STRIP DOING IN DETECTIVE COMICS, YOU SAY? THE SUPER-CRIMINALS WHO HOLD AN ENTIRE CONTINENT IN SHACKLES CAN TELL YOU! FROM THE CAULDRON OF WAR HAVE RISEN NEW AGENTS OF JUSTICE, STRIKING SWIFTLY... SILENTLY... FROM ACROSS THE CHANNEL COMES A NEW CHALLENGE! THE NAZI BRUTE CRINGES IN FEAR... FOR THE RAY OF LIBERATION IS ON ITS WAY... NOTHING CAN STOP IT! THE COMMANDOS ARE COMING!

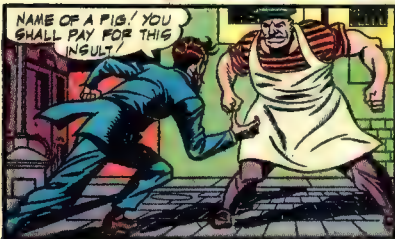
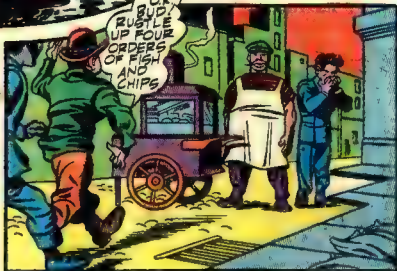
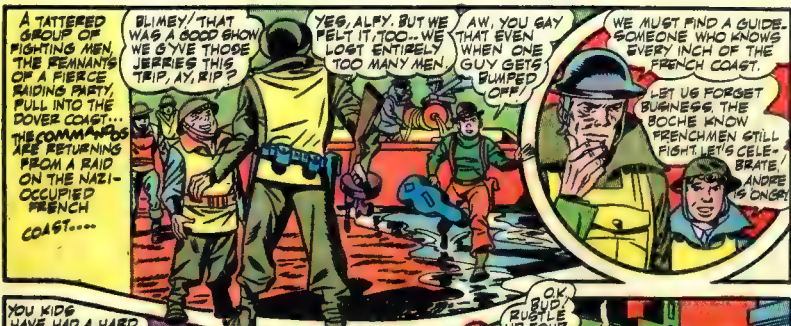


IF IT HAD HAPPENED, IT WOULD HAVE OPENED IN THE OFFICES OF MAJOR VON KARP... GESTAPO FIELD HEADQUARTERS... SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE...

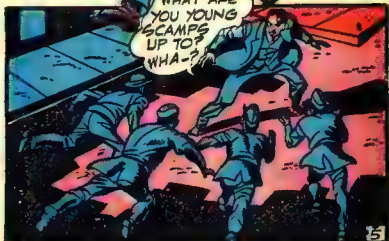
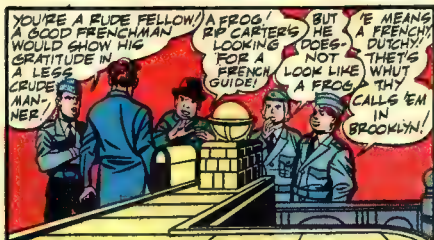
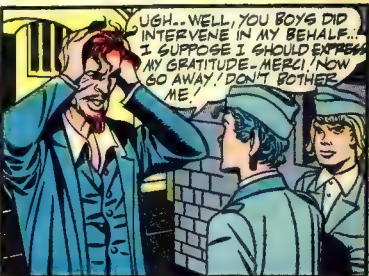




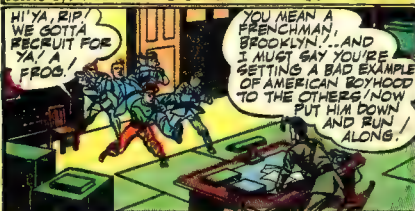








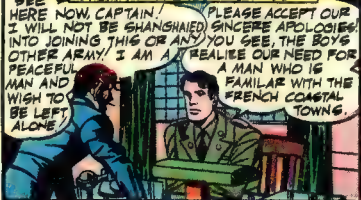
SAIGON, AT COMMANDO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS...



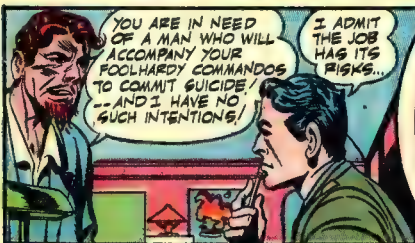
HI YA, RIP!  
WE GOTTA  
RECRUIT FOR  
YA, A  
FROG!

YOU MEAN A  
FRENCHMAN,  
BROOKLYN...AND  
I MUST SAY YOU'RE  
SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE  
OF AMERICAN ROYHOOD  
TO THE OTHERS/NOW  
PUT HIM DOWN  
AND RUN  
ALONG!

THE BOYS RELEASE LA FARGE AND WITHDRAW  
FROM RIP CARTER'S OFFICE...

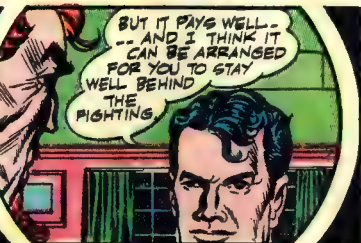


SEE  
HERE NOW, CAPTAIN!  
I WILL NOT BE SHANGHAIED SINCERE APOLOGIES!  
INTO JOINING THIS OR ANY OTHER ARMY! I AM A  
PEACEFUL MAN AND WISH TO  
BE LEFT ALONE  
PLEASE ACCEPT OUR  
SINCERE APOLOGIES!  
YOU SEE, THE BOYS  
REALIZE OUR NEED FOR  
A MAN WHO IS  
FAMILIAR WITH THE  
FRENCH COASTAL  
TOWNS.



YOU ARE IN NEED  
OF A MAN WHO WILL  
ACCOMPANY YOUR  
FOOLHARDY COMMANDOS  
TO COMMIT SUICIDE!  
--AND I HAVE NO  
SUCH INTENTIONS!

I ADMIT  
THE JOB  
HAS ITS  
RISKS...

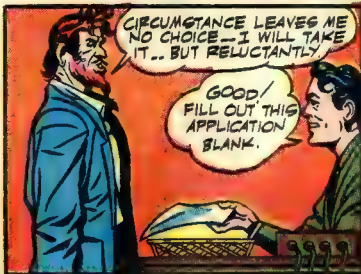


BUT IT PAYS WELL--  
--AND I THINK IT  
CAN BE ARRANGED  
FOR YOU TO STAY  
WELL BEHIND  
THE  
FIGHTING.



PAYS WELL, EH?  
--IT WILL BE HARD  
FINDING WORK IN  
A FOREIGN  
COUNTRY.

THEN  
YOU'LL  
TAKE  
IT?



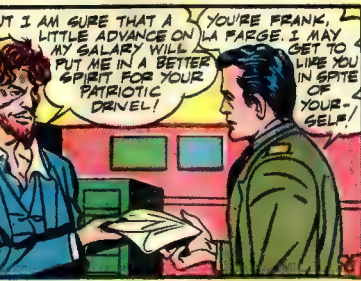
CIRCUMSTANCE LEAVES ME  
NO CHOICE--I WILL TAKE  
IT... BUT RELUCTANTLY.

GOOD!  
FILL OUT THIS  
APPLICATION  
BLANK.



YOU KNOW-- BEING  
A FRENCHMAN, YOU  
WILL HAVE THE ADDED  
SATISFACTION OF PARTICIPATING  
IN THE RAIDS  
THAT WILL  
ONE DAY  
LEAD TO THE  
LIBERATION  
OF YOUR  
COUNTRYMEN

I AM  
DEEPLY MOVED  
BY YOUR FLAG-  
WAVING,  
MON  
CAPTAIN--

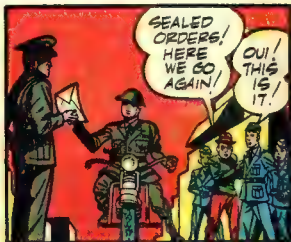
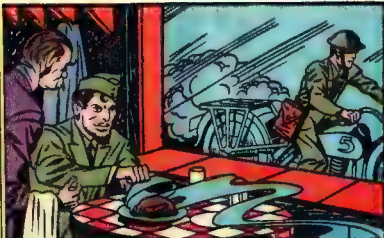


--BUT I AM SURE THAT A  
LITTLE ADVANCE ON LA FARGE.  
MY SALARY WILL  
PUT ME IN A BETTER  
SPIRIT FOR YOUR  
PATRIOTIC  
DREVEL!

YOU'RE FRANK,  
I MAY  
GET TO  
LIKE YOU  
IN SPITE  
OF YOUR-  
SELF!



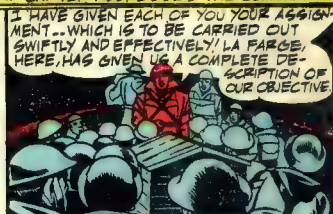
BUT IF RECRUIT LA FARGE THINKS HE WILL HAVE TIME TO REVEL IN HIS NEW-FOUND WEALTH, HE IS MISTAKEN. FOR ACTION COMES FAST TO THE COMMANDOS...



SEALED ORDERS! HERE WE GO AGAIN! OUI! THIS IS IT!

ONCE THAT VERY NIGHT, AN ENTIRE UNIT OF COMMANDOS BOARDS AN INVASION BOAT... THEIR ORDERS ARE SEALED... AND FOR SOME OF THEM... THEIR FATE...

WHILE THE INVASION BOAT PLOWS THROUGH THE CHANNEL'S CHOPPY WATERS, CAPTAIN RIP CARTER ADDRESSES THE COMMANDOS

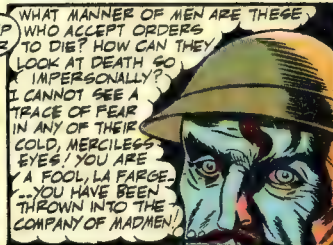


I HAVE GIVEN EACH OF YOU YOUR ASSIGNMENT... WHICH IS TO BE CARRIED OUT SWIFTLY AND EFFECTIVELY! LA FARGE, HERE, HAS GIVEN US A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF OUR OBJECTIVE.



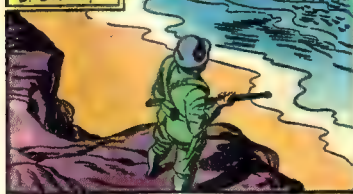
ALTHOUGH HE WILL NOT TAKE PART IN THE FIGHTING, SOME OF US MAY OWE OUR LIVES TO HIS ACCURACY BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER... AND THOSE OF US WHO... DON'T COME BACK...

... CAN BE CERTAIN THAT THE REST OF US WILL KEEP ON FIGHTING UNTIL OUR CAUSE IS WON.



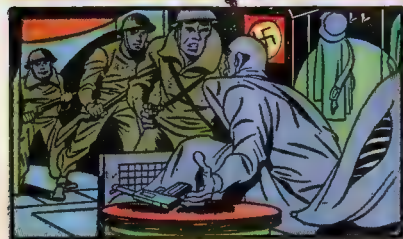
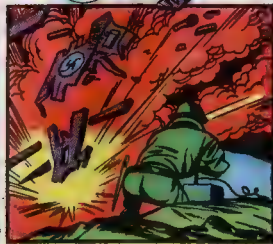
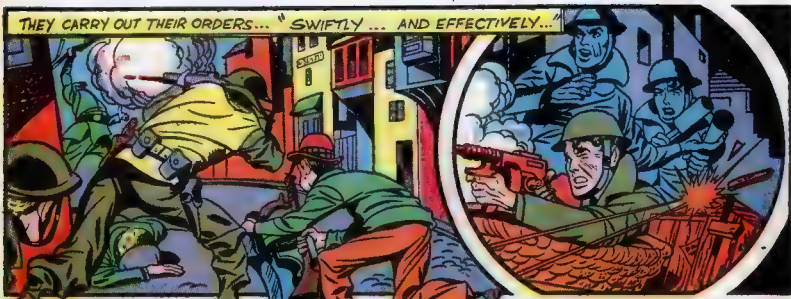
WHAT MANNER OF MEN ARE THESE WHO ACCEPT ORDERS TO DIE? HOW CAN THEY LOOK AT DEATH SO IMPERSONALLY? I CANNOT SEE A TRACE OF FEAR IN ANY OF THEIR COLD, MERCILESS EYES! YOU ARE A FOOL, LA FARGE... YOU HAVE BEEN THROWN INTO THE COMPANY OF MAD MEN!

... AND ON THE DARK, FOREBODING COAST OF FRANCE, WHERE THE NAZI INVADER HAS ENTRENCHED HIMSELF... HIS EYES AND GUNS TURNED TOWARD THE SHORES OF ENGLAND!



A SHOT BREAKS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT... THE COMMANDOS HAVE LANDED!!!

THEY CARRY OUT THEIR ORDERS... "SWIFTLY ... AND EFFECTIVELY..."





LATER, AT THE RENDEZVOUS...

I FOUND THESE SECRET PYPERERS WHEN WE CLEANED OUT THE GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS... THEY MAY CONTAIN INFORMATION.

WHAT'S THIS, VICTOR? RENAUD, THE HEAD OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND, TO BE SECRETLY EXECUTED IN CALAIS! WHAT A ROTTEN BREAK, FOR OUR CAUSE.

THAT FOOL, RENAUD! THERE IS NO LA FARSE TO SAVE HIM THIS TIME! COOD

WITH RENAUD DEAD, OUR CONNECTIONS WITH THE FRENCH ANTI-NAZI MOVEMENT WILL BE SERIOUSLY IMPAIRED! IF WE COULD ONLY SAVE HIM!

CALAIS IS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE AND WE MUST SAVE RENAUD SOMEHOW! I KNOW ALL OF YOU WOULD LIKE TO COME... BUT A FEW CAN MOVE SWIFTER.. BEFORE ANY OF YOU VOLUNTEER TO COME WITH ME, LET ME REMIND YOU-- THERE IS ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF GETTING BACK.

NOT ONE MAN HESITATES! ALL STEP FORWARD TO VOLUNTEER...

I KNEW YOU'D ALL VOLUNTEER, BUT WE CAN'T ALL GO!... AND THAT MEANS YOU KIDS!

THE TWO MEN WHO PICK THE SHORTEST STRAWS WILL GO WITH ME...

....LA FARSE WATCHES CALMLY, BUT WITHIN HIM SEETHES AN INTENSE EMOTIONAL CONFLICT.

DO SOMETHING! YOU'VE GOT A PLAN, TOO! HAVEN'T YOU?

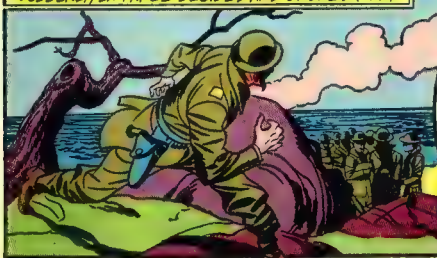
NO! DON'T DO IT!

DON'T BE A FOOL... LEON LA FARSE! THAT'S WHO YOU SHOULD WORRY ABOUT!

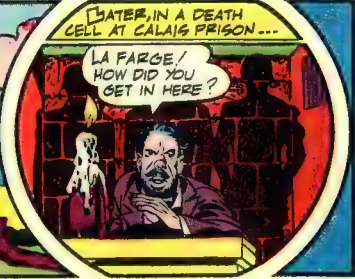
YOU CAN SAVE THESE MEN! THEIR LIVES ARE MORE VALUABLE THAN YOUR WRETCHED ONE!

GLORY IS FOR DEAD MEN! YOU WANT TO LIVE! LIVE!

SUDDENLY, LA FARGE DECIDES AND DASHES AWAY.



LATER, IN A DEATH CELL AT CALAIS PRISON...



LA FARGE!  
HOW DID YOU  
GET IN HERE?

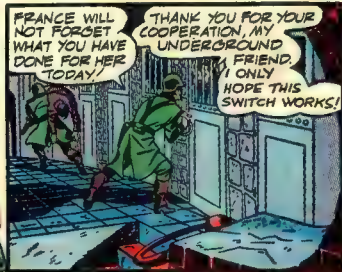
TIME IS SHORT AND  
EXPLANATIONS ARE LENGTHY,  
MY FRIEND!

HE IS UNDER THE  
CHLOROFORM! NOW  
TO GET HIM TO  
THE COMMANDOS.  
GOOD THING HE  
HAS GROWN A  
BEARD!



FRANCE WILL  
NOT FORGET  
WHAT YOU HAVE  
DONE FOR HER  
TODAY!

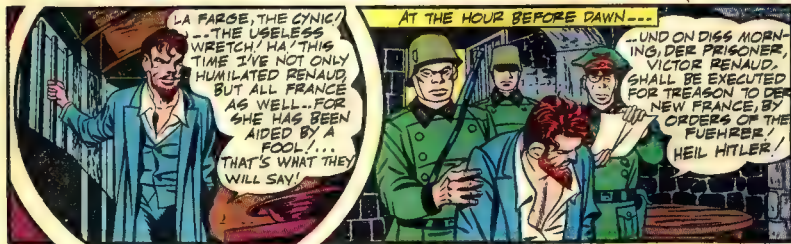
THANK YOU FOR YOUR  
COOPERATION, MY  
UNDERGROUND  
FRIEND.  
I ONLY  
HOPE THIS  
SWITCH WORKS!



LA FARGE, THE CYNIC!  
...THE USELESS  
WRETCH! HA! THIS  
TIME I'VE NOT ONLY  
HUMILIATED REAUD,  
BUT ALL FRANCE  
AS WELL... FOR  
SHE HAS BEEN  
AIDED BY A  
FOOL...  
THAT'S WHAT THEY  
WILL SAY!

AT THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN...

...UND ON DISS MORN-  
ING, DER PRISONER,  
VICTOR REAUD,  
SHALL BE EXECUTED  
FOR TREASON TO DER  
NEW FRANCE, BY  
ORDERS OF THE  
FUEHRER!  
HEIL HITLER!



FINDING  
HIMSELF  
AT LIBERTY  
THROUGH  
LA FARGE'S  
SCHEME, REAUD  
CONTACTS  
THE  
COMMANDOS  
AT THE  
OUTSKIRTS  
OF THE  
CITY...

...WE SHALL NEVER KNOW  
WHAT PROMPTED LA FARGE'S  
ACTIONS, BUT I CANNOT  
LET HIM DIE IN MY  
PLACE

A MAN WITH  
THE GENIUS  
TO WORK HIS  
WAY INTO A PRISON THAT?  
FORTRESS SWARMING  
WITH SOLDIERS CAN  
BE OF GREATER VALUE  
THAN ALL OF US!



CAN YOU  
WE HAD THE  
LUG TAGGED  
TIE WRONG  
ALL ALONG

YOU KIDS! WE MUST  
I THOUGHT/SAVE LA FARGE!  
I TOLD GIVE THE  
YOU NOT ORDER, MON  
TO... CAPTAIN!





BUT IN THE PRISON YARD, IN THE DIM LIGHT OF DAWN, A MAN--WITH SHOULDERS SQUARED AND HEAD HELD HIGH, MOUNTS THE SCAFFOLD TO THE EXECUTION BLOCK ....



WHAT DOOM AWAITS YOU DOGS WHEN EVEN A WRETCH SUCH AS I WILL DIE SO THAT YOU MAY BE DRIVEN OUT!



SILENCE DER SHWEIN!  
PROZEED MIT DER  
EGGZIGATION!

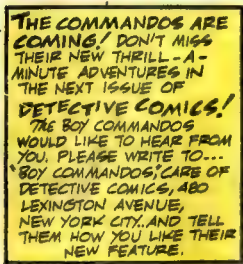
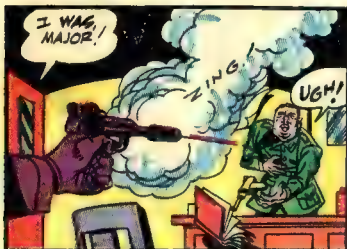
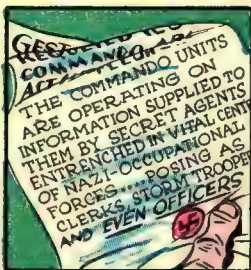
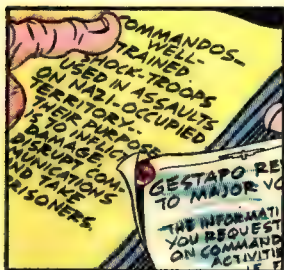
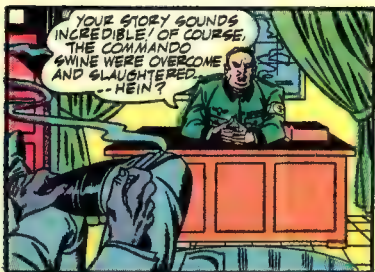


SUDDENLY THE GRIM SILENCE OF THE COURT-  
YARD IS SHATTERED BY AN OUTBURST OF  
EAR-SPLITTING THUNDER!



A HORDE OF HOWLING DEMONS SWEEPS INTO  
THE COURT YARD, SPREADING DEATH AND DESTRU-  
CTION IN THE BEWILDERED NAZI RANKS!







**RICH  
IN  
DEXTROSE**

HI HO! . . . HI HO!  
TO SPREAD THE NEWS I GO!

Before you're "botten-up"—Big Boy  
—remember **BABY RUTH**, the Big  
League candy bar that packs a wal-  
lop in both flavor and food energy.

Help keep your pep UP —and  
you help keep your score DOWN.  
**BABY RUTH** will aid a lot  
the last nine holes!

'Morning, busy mother. How  
about this **BABY RUTH**—makes  
your work a pleasure—helps  
relieve fatigue!

Five little princesses—all in a row.  
**BABY RUTH** is the first and only candy  
ever given to the famous Quintuplets.

© King Features  
Syndicate, Inc.

KEEP 'EM FLYING  
...Buy U.S. Defense  
Bonds and Stamps



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFFOE SAYS: "Baby Ruth, being rich in  
Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable in-  
gredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

**CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**



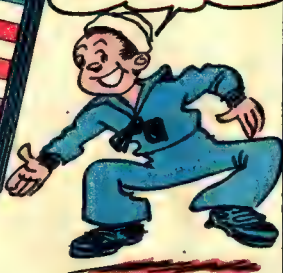
Look for me (N. R. G.)  
On every wrapper!

# WORLD'S FINEST VALUE!

NATURALLY!  
96 PAGES, AND  
EVERY PAGE NEW  
AND ORIGINAL!  
NO REPRINTS!



--AND IT'S  
THE ONLY COMIC  
MAGAZINE IN  
THE WORLD  
CONTAINING  
**BOTH BATMAN  
AND SUPERMAN!**



ON SALE  
MAY 8TH

## IT'S AN ACTUAL FACT, PALS!

NOW  
ON  
SALE



## ADVENTURE COMICS

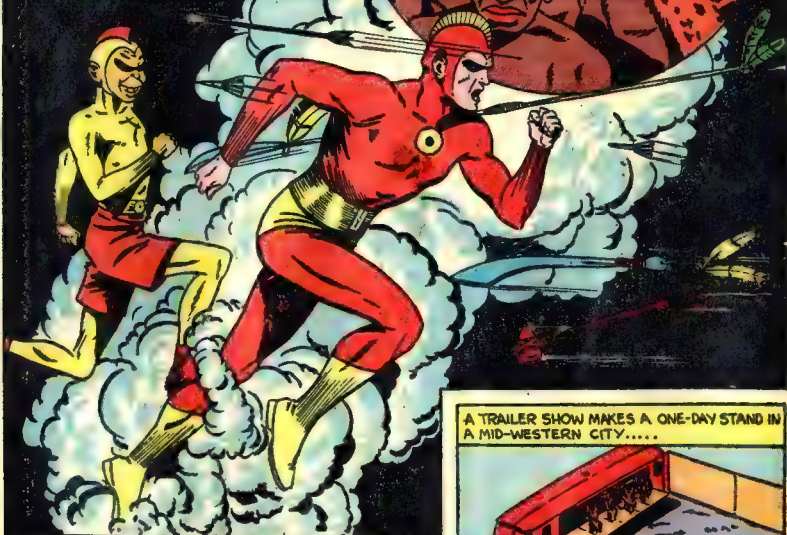
IS LOADED TO THE  
MUZZLE WITH THE  
SORT OF FEATURES  
**YOU LIKE!\***

\* SUCH AS THE  
**NEW MANHUNTER**  
**NEW SANDMAN**  
PLUS  
**STARMAN**  
**SHINING KNIGHT**  
AND OTHERS!



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

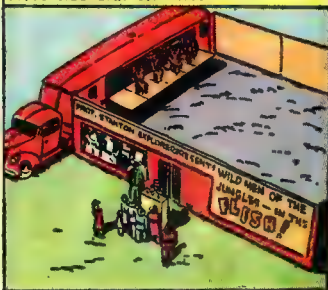
BY JACK LIGHT



WHEN A TRAVELING SHOW GAVE THEM THEIR FIRST CONTACT WITH CIVILIZATION, THE JUNGLE SAVAGES SEEMED TO LEARN ONLY THE WORST OF THE WHITE MAN'S WAYS — CRIME! STRIKING BY DARKNESS, WITH PRIMITIVE WEAPONS AS DEADLY AS ANY MODERN SCIENCE HAS DEVISED, THEY SPREAD PANIC AND DESTRUCTION IN CITY AFTER CITY — UNTIL THE CRIME-SMASHING CRIMSON AVENGER, AIDED SECONDLY BY THE FAITHFUL WING, EXPLODED WITH FLASHING FISTS THE AMAZING SECRET BEHIND —

"THE ADVENTURE OF THE WILD MEN!"

A TRAILER SHOW MAKES A ONE-DAY STAND IN A MID-WESTERN CITY.....



LEE TRAVIS, ON VACATION FROM HIS JOB AS THE PUBLISHER OF THE **GLOBE-LEADER**, IS IN TOWN WITH WING.....

PEOPLE HUNT FOR OIL, MIST' TRAVIS?

LOOKS LIKE IT, BUT I NEVER HEARD OF OIL BEING FOUND IN THESE PARTS....SHALL WE PAY THE WILD MEN A VISIT?



NICE FELLAS, EH, WING?

BOTH THESE GENTLEMEN CUT OFF THEIR ENEMIES' HEADS AS TROPHIES AND....

UGH! NO LIKEE!



THE LEOPARD MAN KILLS WITH HIS ARTIFICIAL CLAWS....THE PYGMY WITH POISON THORNS DISCHARGED FROM A BLOWGUN....

ICKLE-BOBBLE-AK-AK-KOO-KOO!

HEY! WE NOT BEEN INTRODUCED!



LATER, IN THE HOTEL WHERE TRAVIS IS STAYING...

L'L BABOON CALL WING CUCKOO! IS BUST HIM LIMB FROM LEG IF WING CATCHEE!

FORGET IT! THE LITTLE FELLA IS HARMLESS!



HARMLESS? TRAVIS MIGHT CHANGE HIS MIND, COULD HE SEE THE WEIRD FIGURES CREEPING THROUGH THE SHADOWS AT THAT VERY MOMENT!



A STARTLED POLICEMAN ACCOSTS THEM!

GLORY BE--IT'S GOBLINS!...OR IS IT TH' FREAKS FROM THAT SIDESHOW?...**HALT, YE DEVIL'S GRANDCHILDREN!**



HALT, OR I'LL-AAAHNNNN...





NEXT MORNING....

A POLICEMAN SAYS YOUR LITTLE APE-MAN IS A CROOK!

HIM VELLY BAD CLIMINAL, I BETCHA! IS BELONG IN PRISON!

SO YOU DON'T THINK THE WILD MEN DID IT, LIEUTENANT?

WE'VE SEARCHED THE TRAILER, LOOKED OVER THE SAVAGES, TALKED WITH THE PROFESSOR AND CHECKED UP ON ALL OF THEM. I THINK THAT WALLOP O'REILLY GOT MADE HIM SEE MORE THAN STARS!

ALLEE SAME, WING LIKE TO CATCH UP WITH LIL FELLA WHO CALL HIM CLUCKOO!

THAT WAS JUST HIS WAY OF TALKING, ANYWAY, THE CHANCES ARE WE'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!

BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE PUBLISHER AND HIS CHAUFFEUR STOP IN ANOTHER SMALL CITY....

LOOK, MIST' TLAVIS! IS MONKEY-MAN FOLLOW US!

YOU MEAN WE'VE FOLLOWED HIM! THE SHOW WAS HERE AHEAD OF US....HMMM-MEN DIGGING A WELL, I GUESS..

MIDNIGHT NEARS...AND, ONCE AGAIN NIGHTMARE FIGURES SLINK THROUGH THE DARKNESS...TO THE SMALL TOWN'S OLD-FASHIONED BANK!

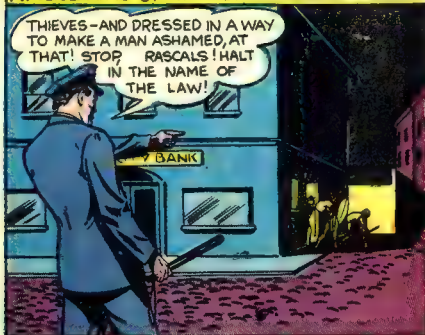
THE QUICK THRUST OF AN IRON BAR, AND....

A UNIFORMED GUARD RUSHES FORTH FROM THE SHADOWED INTERIOR OF THE BANK!

ROBBERS! PUT UP YOUR HANDS, OR I'LL BLOW YOU ALL TO KINGDOM COME!

I'M WARNIN' YE.... OW! WHAT BIT MET.... OW-H-H-H....

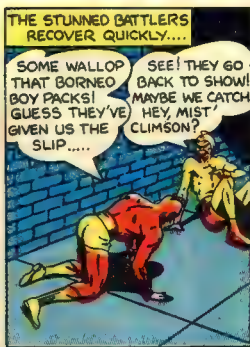
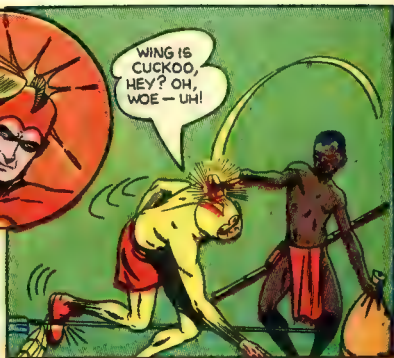
A POLICEMAN IS STARTLED BY A STRANGE SPECTACLE!

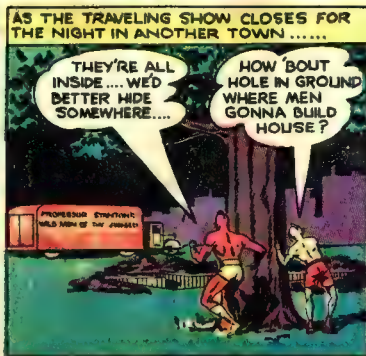
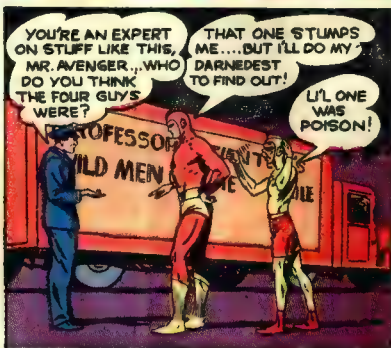


AND AS TRAVIS AND WING EMERGE FROM A LATE MOVIE....

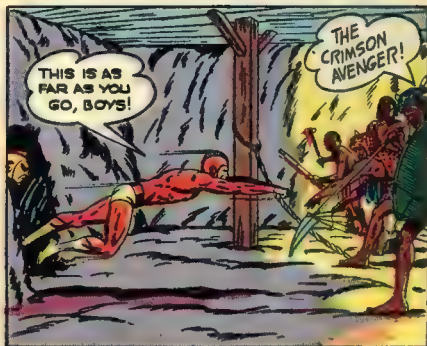












THE AVENGER'S MIGHTY MUSCLES STRAIN ...INCH BY INCH HIS RIGHT ARM MOVES FORWARD.....

IF I CAN POKE THIS THROUGH, MAYBE WE CAN GET ENOUGH AIR TO KEEP US ALIVE...



FRESH AIR! BUT IT ISN'T DOING POOR WING ANY GOOD, BACK THERE!



SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH SEEMS TO COME OVER THE AVENGER AS HE THINKS OF HIS FAITHFUL CHINESE FRIEND.....

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT..... GOT TO SAVE HIM..... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! PERHAPS THIS BLADE CAN HELP.....



MUST HAVE MADE SIX INCHES THAT TIME..... BUT NO TELLING HOW FAR I HAVE TO GO.....



FINALLY, AFTER HEARTBREAKING TOIL...

FREE! AND THE CROOKS HAVE GONE OUT THE OTHER WAY....BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK OF THEM NOW!



POOR FELLOW! I'M AFRAID I WAS TOO SLOW!



IF HE'S DEAD, THOSE ROTTEN MURDERERS WILL WISH THEY WERE, TOO!



THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

GOT PAIN IN MIDDLE!.... TRY TO EAT WAY OUT...SWALLOW TWO-THREE TON OF DIRT!



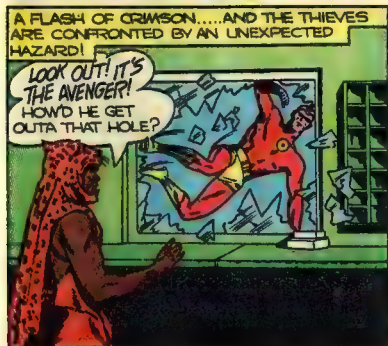
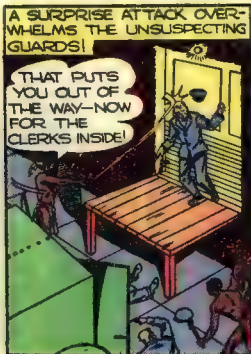
MEANWHILE.....

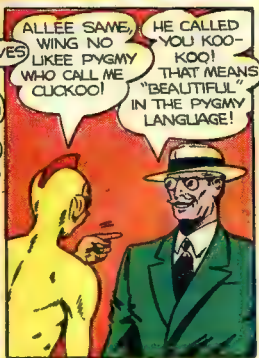
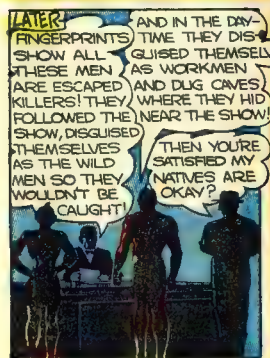
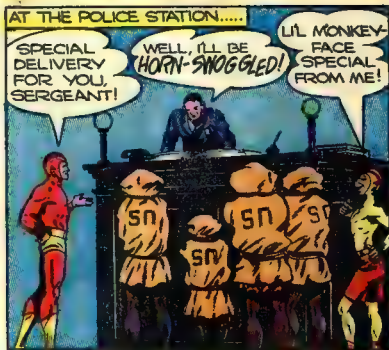
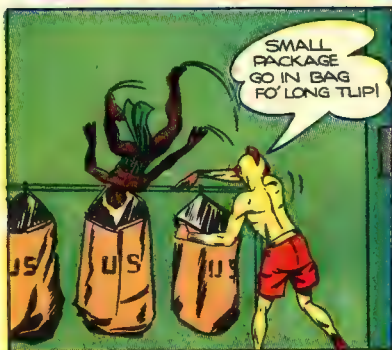
LUCKY WE DUG A BACK DOOR!

THAT'S THE LAST ANY-BODY'LL EVER SEE OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER!





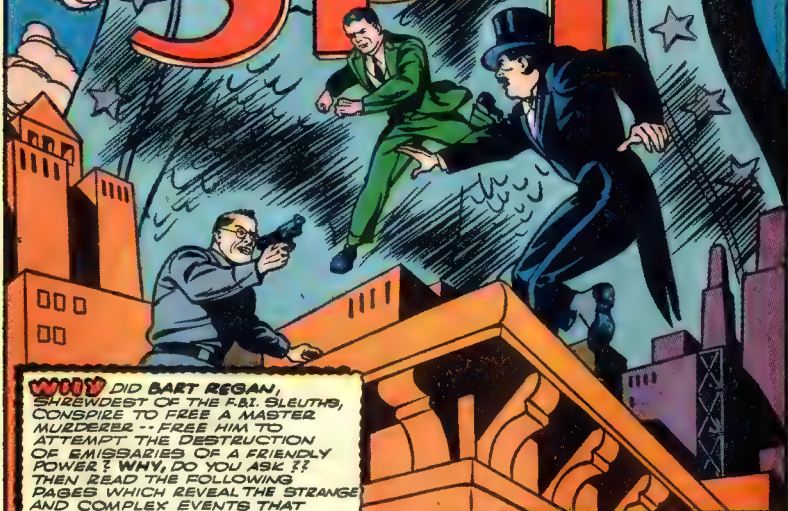








# SPY



**WHY DID BART REGAN,**  
SHREWDEST OF THE F.B.I. SLEUTHS,  
CONSPIRE TO FREE A MASTER  
MURDERER -- FREE HIM TO  
ATTEMPT THE DESTRUCTION  
OF EMISSARIES OF A FRIENDLY  
POWER? WHY, DO YOU ASK ??  
THEN READ THE FOLLOWING  
PAGES WHICH REVEAL THE STRANGE  
AND COMPLEX EVENTS THAT  
BEFELL BART REGAN IN ---

**"MURDER in the MONUMENT."**

**BUT--SOON AFTER--IN THE  
WARDEN'S OFFICE OF A  
WASHINGTON PRISON---**

THE JOB  
IS DONE;  
HERE  
SCHMIDT--  
THE BARS  
ARE NEARLY  
SAWED  
THROUGH!

THE WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT WILL  
BE CLOSED  
UNTIL MIDNIGHT--  
AT THAT TIME  
THOSE LATIN  
DIPLOMATS  
WILL PAY IT A  
VISIT--AND IT  
WILL BE THEIR  
LAST SIGHT-  
SEEING TRIP!!

WHISPERED GUTTERAL  
WORDS COMPLETE THE  
DETAILS OF THE PLOT  
AND THEN--AS SCHMIDT  
LEAVES THE BUILDING--

HELLO, SCHMIDT, REGAN!!  
GOING MY  
WAY, OR  
GOING MY  
WAY ??

YOU'RE  
FOOLISH,  
REGAN--  
YOU'RE  
WASTING  
TIME!! IN  
FIVE  
MINUTES,  
MY LAWYER  
WILL  
HAVE  
ME OUT.

MAYBE, SCHMIDT--  
BUT IF YOU GET  
OUT TONIGHT  
YOU'LL HAVE  
TO ESCAPE!  
YOU'RE NOT  
SEEING ANY  
LAWYER!!





I'M WARNING  
YOU, REGAN--  
I'M GETTING  
OUT  
TONIGHT!!

THAT'S MY HEADACHE!!  
-- AND I'LL BE OUT--  
SIDE TO MAKE  
SURE YOU DON'T  
ESCAPE!!

**BUT**--AS REGAN DEPARTS, A FURTIVE  
HAND UNSCREWS A HEEL FROM A  
SHOE, AND...

I'M GETTING  
OUT OF  
HERE--AND  
MR. BART  
REGAN WILL  
HAVE MORE  
THAN A  
HEADACHE!



**SECONDS LATER--A  
STRANGLING CRY OF  
PAIN SOUNDS FROM SCHMIDT'S  
CELL---**

REGAN!! THIS  
WATER-- IT'S  
POISONED!!  
DID YOU  
BRING ME  
HERE TO  
KILL ME??

YOU'RE  
CRAZY!!  
THAT  
WATER'S  
PURE--  
AND I'LL  
PROVE  
IT!!

DRINK HEARTY,  
REGAN-- DRINK  
HEARTY!! IT'LL  
HAVE TO LAST  
A LONG TIME-- IT'S  
YOUR LAST DRINK!!

**MINUTES LATER--AND QUICK  
FOOTSTEPS REACH THE  
PRISON GATES!**

S'LONG, MR. REGAN--  
AND DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT SCHMIDT!  
WE'LL HOLD ONTO  
HIM!



**BUT**-- OUTSIDE--

THEY DON'T BUILD  
JAILS BIG ENOUGH  
FOR YOU, EH; HERZ  
SCHMIDT? I KNEW  
YOU'D GET OUT  
SO I WAITED  
FOR YOU!

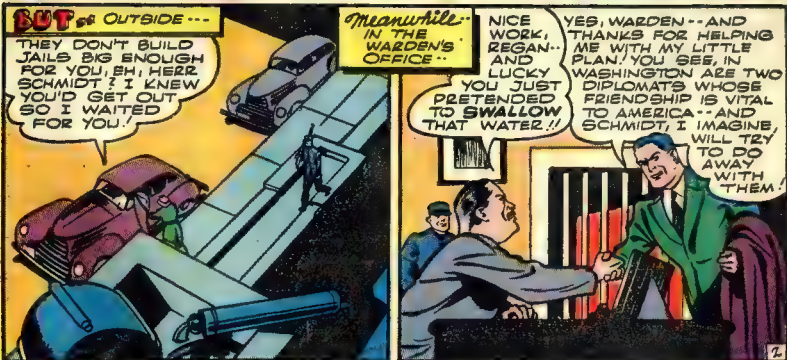
**Meanwhile--  
IN THE  
WARDEN'S  
OFFICE--**

NICE  
WORK,  
REGAN--  
AND  
LUCKY

YOU JUST  
PRETENDED  
TO SWALLOW  
THAT WATER!!

YES, WARDEN--AND  
THANKS FOR HELPING  
ME WITH MY LITTLE  
PLAN! YOU SEE, IN  
WASHINGTON ARE TWO  
DIPLOMATS WHOSE  
FRIENDSHIP IS VITAL  
TO AMERICA--AND  
SCHMIDT, I IMAGINE,

WILL TRY  
TO DO  
AWAY  
WITH  
THEM!



*Later--IN HIS CHIEF'S OFFICE...*

STOP PACING!  
REGAN! ...  
ACCORDING  
TO YOUR  
PLAN,  
OPERATIVE  
GRANT...

...IS SUPPOSED TO  
HAVE CALLED ME  
ALREADY! I HAD HIM  
PLANTED IN A CAR  
OUTSIDE THE JAIL SO  
HE COULD FOLLOW  
SCHMIDT-- AT LAST!!  
THE PHONE!!!



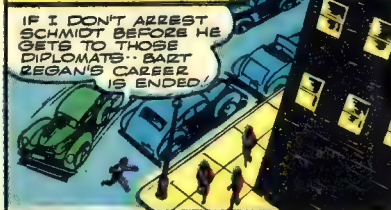
THAT WAS GRANT!!  
VOICE WAS STRAINED--  
MUST BE UNDER  
PRESSURE! GAVE  
ME THE LOCATION  
OF SCHMIDT'S  
HIDEOUT!!

**SLAM!**



**D**RIVING WITH COLD PRECISION--BART  
REGAN RACES HIS CAR THROUGH  
TEEMING TRAFFIC--

IF I DON'T ARREST  
SCHMIDT BEFORE HE  
GETS TO THOSE  
DIPLOMATS-- BART  
REGAN'S CAREER  
IS ENDED!



*Then--* A SCREECH OF PROTESTING  
BRAKES ---

THIS IS THE PLACE  
GRANT TOLD ME  
ABOUT! AND, NOW---

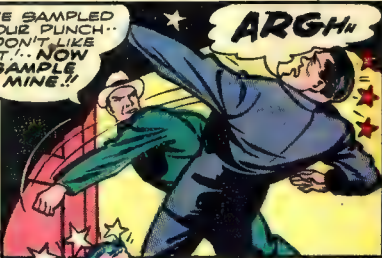
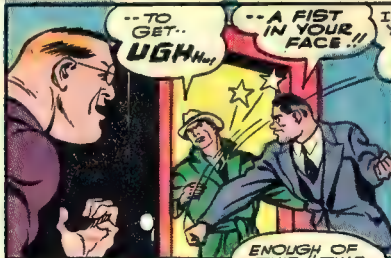


--TO  
GET--  
**UGH!!**

--A FIST  
IN YOUR  
FACE!!

I'VE SAMPLED  
YOUR PUNCH--  
DON'T LIKE  
IT!... NOW  
SAMPLE  
MINE!!

**ARGH!!**



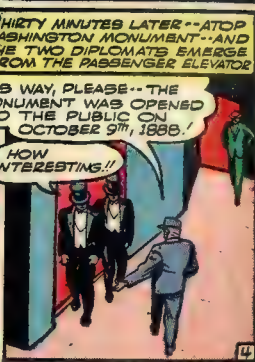
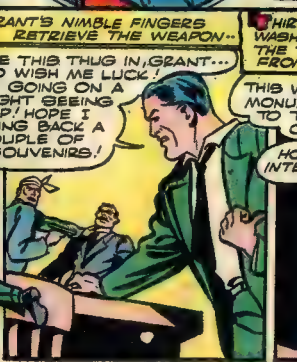
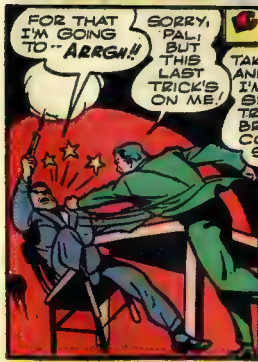
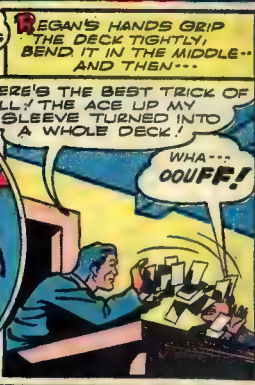
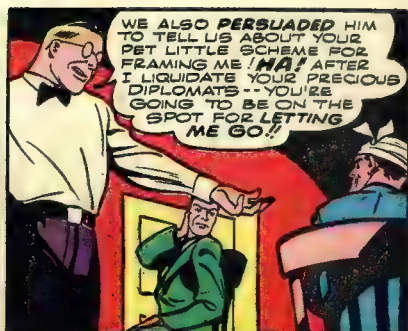
ENOUGH OF  
THIS!! TIME  
GROWS  
SHORT!!

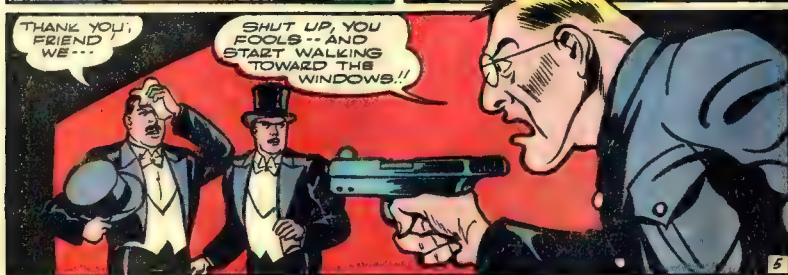
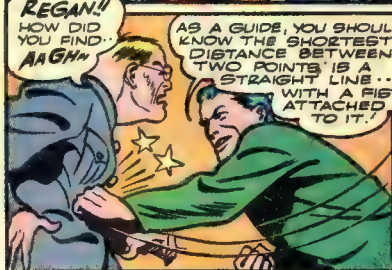
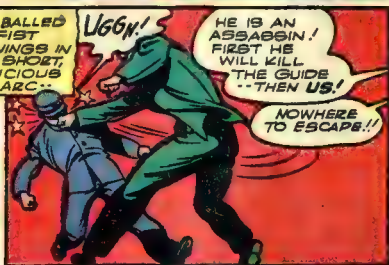
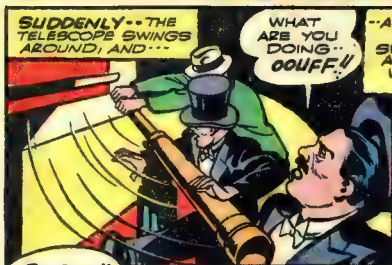
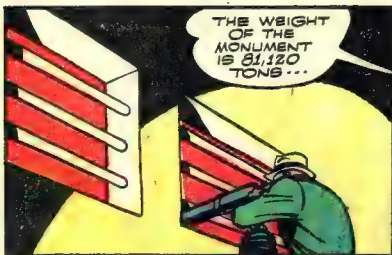
*But--*  
JUST  
THEN--

**AWH!!**

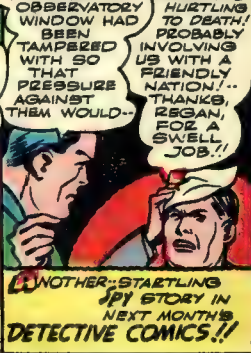
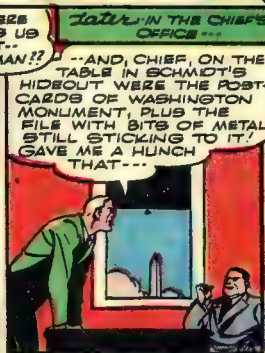
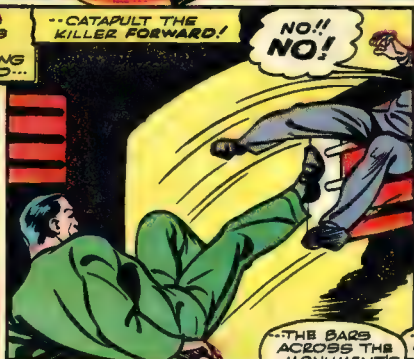












# QUESTIONABLE CHARACTER

by Edgar Weston

"HIM? Cut it out, Jimmy, you've been listening to too many of those suppertime serials." There was good-natured chafing in the voice of Ted Keyes, conductor of Radio Row's best column as he replied to Page Boy Jimmy Lane's question.

Continuing, Keyes said: "Suppose you did see him on a quiz program last week? I hate to disillusion you, lad, but the fellow you suspect of being an enemy spy is, in fact, Dr. Manton Welling, a refugee Doctor, some sort of psychologist," Keyes patted Jimmy's shoulder, "as you'd know if you followed my column regularly. I did a story on the Doctor's visits to quiz shows. He thinks it helps his English training, as well as being good recreation. See you later, kid." Smiling, Keyes walked off, leaving a puzzled Jimmy behind.

Keyes just didn't understand. That was all. Jimmy, thinking it over, wondered whether he shouldn't have told Keyes about the meeting only two days ago. Then, all the employees of the Cosmos Broadcasting Company had been told to keep their eyes and ears open, particularly when quiz shows were on the air. The FBI had an idea enemy agents might try to sneak particularly valuable information out of the country.

So, Jimmy had been alert. Tonight, he had been surprised to see the small, swart stranger again. This would be the stranger's second visit on "Tell Me No Lies" a popular question and answer show. That, in itself, wasn't suspicious. It was only that earlier Jimmy had

seen the stranger, now identified as a Dr. Welling, buy a lucky number ticket from a participant too shy to appear before the microphone!

Jimmy started as the simulated mirth of the Quizmaster's laugh reached his ears. So engrossed had Jimmy been with Ted Keyes that he hadn't realized the program had started. One contestant had already given up, and now Dr. Welling was confidently approaching the microphone. Duke Delane, the Quizmaster recognized him, mentioned the Doctor's earlier appearance. Then, pointing to a blackboard on which was listed a choice of subjects, he asked the doctor to select one. The Doctor decided to spell. "It will help my poor English, that I am trying so hard to better in order that I may appreciate this glorious country of yours," the Doctor said.

This brought an appreciative round of applause, and the Quizmaster began. "Spell queue meaning a line of people, particularly around a box-office."

Unhesitatingly, Dr. Welling spelled the word. Three others, just as tricky, followed, and were correctly spelled. Jimmy, watching, began to wonder if, after all, he hadn't been wrong. This man seemed to be making an honest attempt to learn English—in fact, had learned it very well.

The crowd was buzzing excitedly. The Doctor's correct answers were amassing a sizeable sum of money for him. "And now," the Quizmaster said, "psychology."

The doctor hesitated. Jimmy,

standing in the rear of the auditorium, looked on, puzzled. This seemed to be a tough one. "P . . . t . . ." the doctor said, haltingly. Then he stopped, as though realizing he was wrong. He passed a hand over his forehead. "All at sea today," he said apologetically.

The Quizmaster laughed. "Take your time, Doctor," he said. "You've got all night, or at least two seconds more." "Come on, now," he encouraged, "surely, you know this one."

But the doctor didn't. The crowd sighed sympathetically as it realized the Doctor wasn't going to win a big prize. On stage, Dr. Welling was mopping his face with a silk handkerchief and admitted he was bested. He retired to his seat, applause following him.

Applause and the wondering eyes of Jimmy Lane. There was something he was trying to figure out. The Doctor had managed to spell four very difficult words, and yet on a simple thing like psychology, he had spelled it so wrong. "P . . . t . . ."

Suddenly, a tiny electric light seemed to flash on in Jimmy's mind. What was it Ted Keyes had said? With remembrance, Jimmy acted. He walked quickly to another aisle, pointed out Dr. Welling to another page boy and asked him to watch him.

In the office, Manager Connors was discussing the war with Ted Keyes. Both men, noticing Jimmy's tension, listened attentively as he told of his suspicions. He was sure Dr. Welling was up to something. But what?



And that question was put to him by both Connors and Keyes. The former said gravely: "You did right, Jimmy, in watching him. But we've got to have proof."

"I think I can get it," Jimmy said. "Why can't we invite him here to listen to a recording of the program. You get the record right after the broadcast. We can watch his face, and if he acts in the least guilty, we'll know something's wrong."

Keyes laughed, but Connors cut him short. "I don't know," he said, "but that Jimmy might have something. How about helping us, Keyes?"

"Sure," Keyes shrugged. "Anything for a story."

\* \* \*

Twenty minutes later, a surprised and then delighted Dr. Welling sat in the Manager's office waiting for the record to come down. "I'd love to hear how my voice comes over the air," he said. "It is so nice of you gentlemen to invite me."

Jimmy's heart sank as he noted the Doctor's easy confidence. Had he been all wrong about this? Was his hunch wrong? With mixed emotion, he saw the glance that passed from Keyes to Connors, a glance that said the Doctor was all right.

The record came in then, and was put on. Nothing but happiness appeared on Welling's face when his voice was reproduced. He joined in the laughter, then rose to go.

Desperately, Jimmy cried out. "Just a minute, Mr. Connors. We ought to play it again. I'm sure the Doctor will be interested in this part." Before Connors could stop him, Jimmy placed the needle on the record, and then, bent over the machine, his eyes watched the Doctor's face on which surprise was now written. Jimmy breathed a fervent prayer as he heard, recorded, the words that would lead into the doctor's reply.

"P . . . t . . . " a thunderous roar filled the room. And then, silence, only the inaudible mur-

mur of the Quizmaster's "No . . . no . . ." Jimmy turned the volume full again. "All at sea today!" boomed the doctor's voice.

Snap! Jimmy shut off the machine. Then his blood froze. Dr. Welling's eyes were narrow, hard. In his hand was a revolver and he was pointing it at the two men and a boy in the room. But he was talking to Jimmy. "So," he said, "you are a very observant lad." His hand fumbled in a pocket, brought out a rubber tubing, which he swiftly affixed to the gun. "This is a silencer, my friend," he said. "It brings death without noise. You and your two friends will not leave this room alive." He pointed the gun at Connors and Keyes. "Do not move," he said. Then, to Jimmy. "Bring me that record, you little rat."

\* \* \*

Heart pounding, Jimmy approached the record player. Now that his hunch had been proven correct, he was a very frightened boy. But determined not to show it. If only there were some way of outwitting this spy. "Hurry up!" Welling's voice was cold.

Excitedly, Jimmy reached for the record, and his hand touched the needle pocket of the machine. A wild hope surged through him, and he bit his lip. His face was grave and unafraid as he walked toward Welling and handed him the record.

"Here," he said. Welling held out his hand. His fingers closed around the record.

\* \* \*

And then a cry of rage and pain burst from him. Jimmy dropped to the floor as the gun went off. The needles he had hidden in his palm had struck Dr. Welling full in the face.

It was all Connors and Keyes needed. Like wild men, they leaped on the spy, swiftly subdued him. Fifteen minutes later, the FBI had Welling in custody. Connors had gone with

them. Keyes, alone with Jimmy, gazed admiringly at him. "Tell me again how you figured it out, Jimmy," he asked. "I want an accurate story for my column."

\* \* \*

Jimmy laughed. "You did it," he said. "You told me he was a psychologist, yet he couldn't spell the word. So, I figured he didn't want to spell it. Then, when we got him in here, and played the record loud, like this—" Jimmy went to the record. "P.t. all at sea today!" the doctor's voice boomed, "Welling knew we were wise." Jimmy grinned, shut off the record. "He was telling enemy subs, operating off our Coast and tuhed in to the program, not to show themselves because PT boats went to sea today to hunt them!"

*The End*

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# AIR WAVE

THE BATMAN HAS ROBIN... THE GREEN ARROW HAS SPEEDY... THE CRIMSON AVENGER HAS WING... EVERY GREAT CRIME-BUSTER HAS A COMPANION IN COMBAT TO FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIM IN THE CEASELESS CRUSADE ON CRIME. BUT HERE IS THE STORY OF AIR WAVE, A HERO WHO ACQUIRED AN ALL-TALKING, SUPER-IMPUDENT PARROT FOR A PAL AND SMASHED A DEADLY FRAME-UP PLOT AT THE SAME TIME IN...

**"THE MYSTERY OF HIS MASTER'S VOICE!"**

IN ALL BIGG CITY THERE IS NO BETTER-LOVED MAN THAN GENTLE FATHER KIND, PROPRIETOR OF THE KIND PET SHOP...

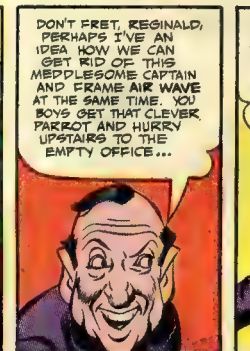
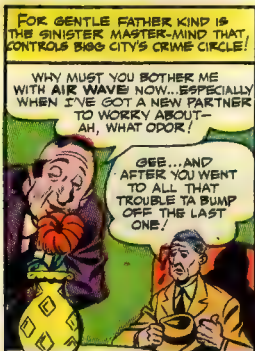
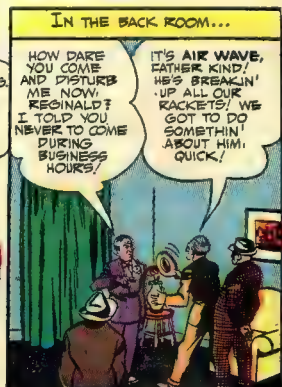
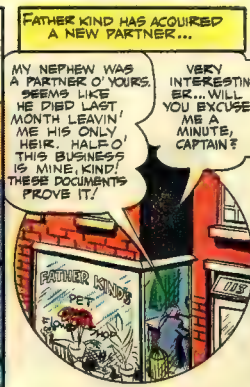
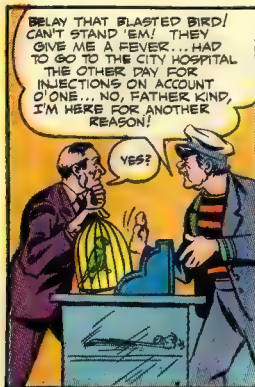
JUST A MOMENT, REGINALD. I THINK A CUSTOMER'S COMING IN!

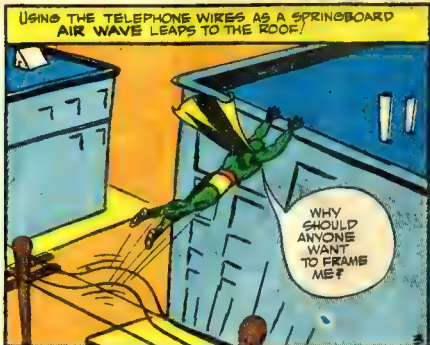
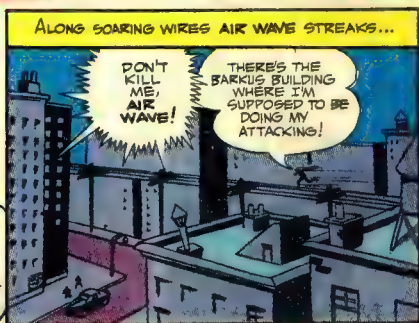
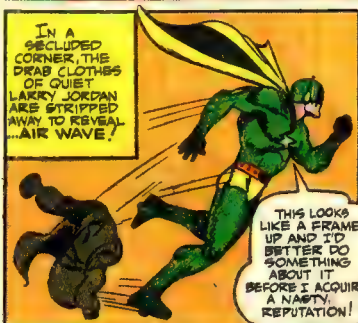
FATHER KIND!

'MORNIN'. I'M CAP'N SALTZ. ARE YOU FATHER KIND?

I AM, SIR. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY? A PARROT, PERHAPS?





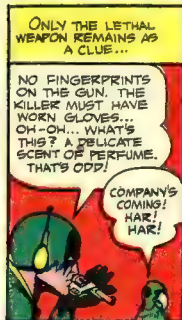
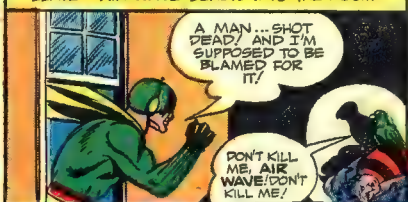




WHILE INSIDE THE BUILDING...



SECONDS AFTER FATHER KIND AND HIS KILLERS LEAVE -- AIR WAVE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM --



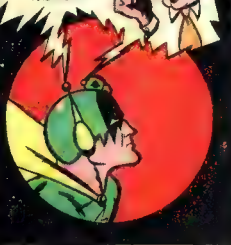
ANY METAL OBJECT AT ANY DISTANCE SERVES AS A RECEIVER AND TRANSMITTER FOR AIR WAVE'S SENSITIVE RADIO!

AWWRK! WHAT'S COOKIN', PAL?

SHUT UP AND GO AWAY! I'M TRYING TO PICK UP THE KILLERS! THEY MUST BE NEAR... HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO GET FAR AWAY... HOLD IT!



WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH, BOSS. THE ONLY CLUE IS AT THE CITY HOSPITAL AND NO ONE'D THINK OF LOOKIN' THERE...



ACROSS THE ETHER, TO A METAL PICTURE FRAME IN THE ROOM, AIR WAVE HURLS HIS INVISIBLE CHALLENGE!

YOU'RE SAFE NO LONGER, KILLERS! AIR WAVE IS RIDING THE ETHER! AWWRRKKK!

HOLY SMOKE, THAT WAS AIR WAVE!

YEAH BUT WHAT WAS THAT STATIC?



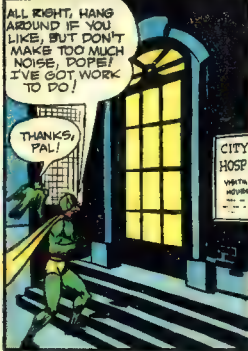
WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP AND GET OUT OF HERE? YOU'RE WORSE THAN STATIC!

AWWRK! I'LL BET YOU SAY THAT TO ALL THE BOYS!



ALL RIGHT, HANG AROUND IF YOU LIKE, BUT DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE, DOPE! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

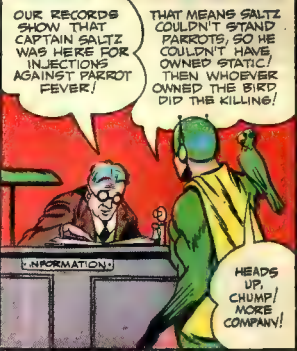
THANKS, PAL!



OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT CAPTAIN SALTZ WAS HERE FOR INJECTIONS AGAINST PARROT FEVER!

THAT MEANS SALTZ COULDN'T STAND PARROTS, SO HE COULDN'T HAVE OWNED STATIC! THEN WHOEVER OWNED THE BIRD DID THE KILLING!

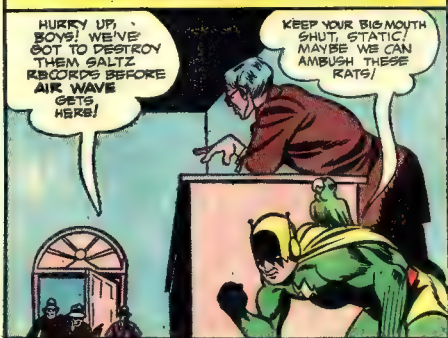
HEADS UP, CHUMP! MORE COMPANY!



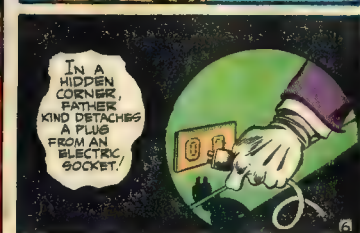
IN AN INSTANT, AIR WAVE DIVES UNDER COVER...

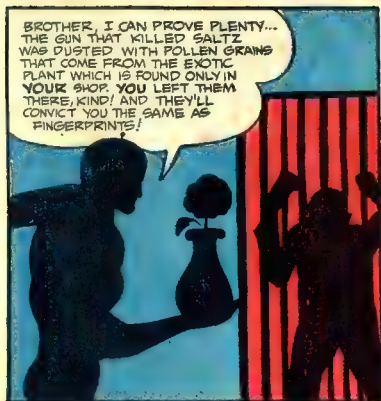
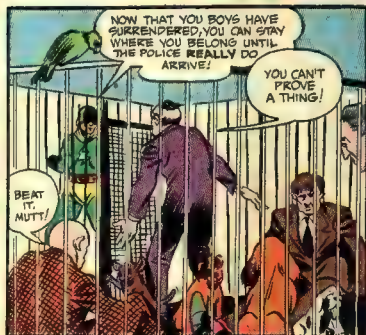
HURRY UP, BOYS! WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM SALTZ RECORDS BEFORE AIR WAVE GETS HERE!

KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT, STATIC! MAYBE WE CAN AMBUSH THESE RATS!











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For instance, you might like to amuse yourself and mystify your friends with some home-made "Magnetic Bugs," which are really capsules with a ball-bearing in them, and which go into wild action when a magnet is nearby.

Or you might like to make a magnetized town, with moving cars which you can control with a concealed magnet. You can make all sorts of magnetic toys out of the simplest bits of wood and wire. You can practically make magic with magnets.

This book is easy to read, in large, clear print with many photographs to illustrate the things to do. It is a new book and should be in your library soon. Ask your librarian about it.



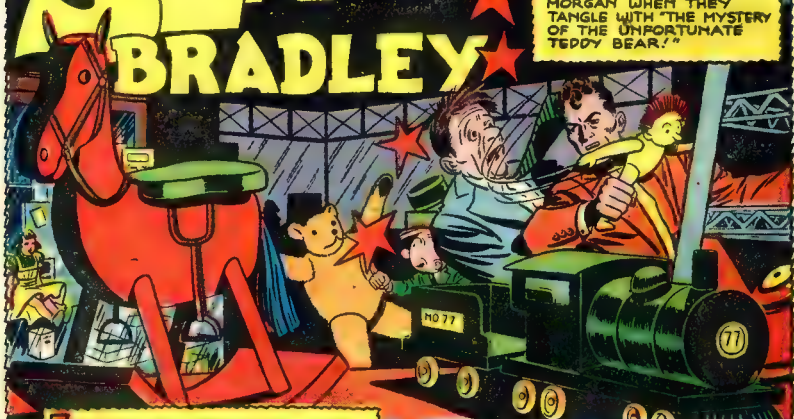
**SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Venus No. 2)

AQWT RWTEJCUG QH W.V. FGHGPUG UVCORU  
YKNN JGNR YKP VJG YCT.

# SLAM BRADLEY

FROM DOLLS TO DIAMONDS—WITH PLENTY OF ACTION BETWEEN! FOLLOW THE DYNAMITE TROUBLE TRAIL WITH THOSE HARD-HITTING PRIVATE DETECTIVES, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN WHEN THEY TANGLE WITH "THE MYSTERY OF THE UNFORTUNATE TEDDY BEAR!"



THE FABULOUS RUPP DIAMOND, WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM THE AMES JEWELERS! IT'S A CASE, BUT NOT VERY EXCITING, FOR SLAM AND SHORTY---

I HAD THE ROBBER LOCKED IN THE BASEMENT. BUT WHEN THE POLICE CAME, HE HAD VANISHED—AND SO HAD THE RUPP DIAMOND! I'LL PAY PLENTY TO GET BACK MY DIAMOND!

INTERESTING, MR. AMES! WE'LL LOOK INTO IT.

YEAH, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

STOP BEEFING, SHORT PANTS! WE NEEDED A CASE AND NOW WE'VE GOT ONE!

PHOOEY! FIND CROOK—RETURN DIAMOND—GET REWARD! I CRAVE SOME EXCITEMENT FOR A CHANGE---

AMES  
JEWELRY  
CO.

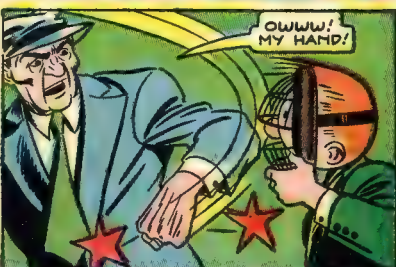
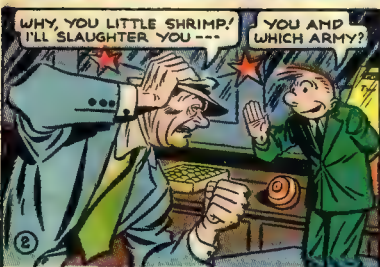
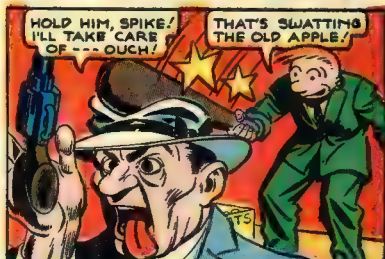
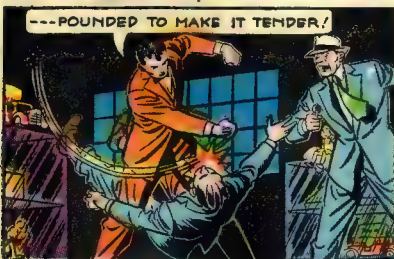
SOMETHING GLAMOROUS AND---WHAT'S THAT?

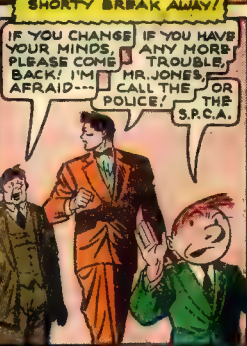
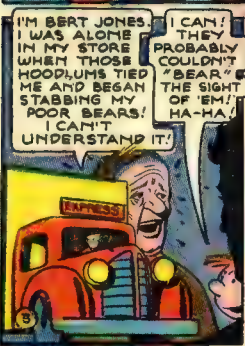
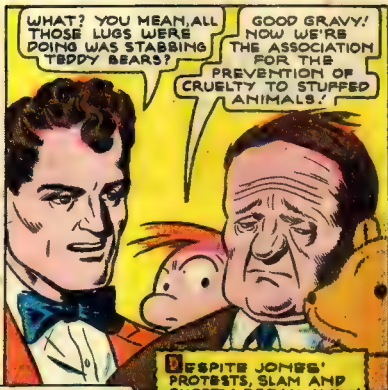
SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE! LOOK!

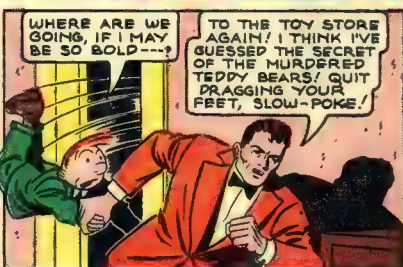
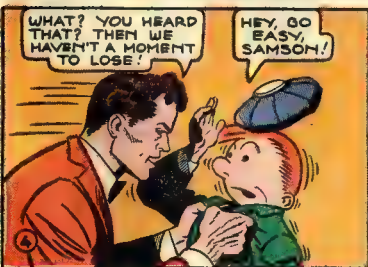
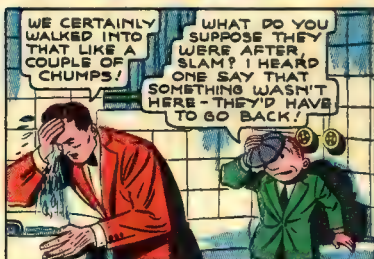
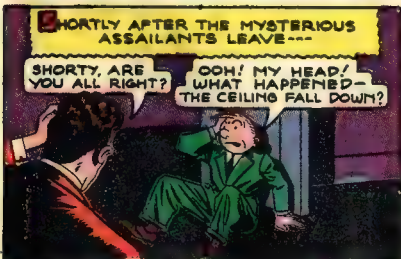
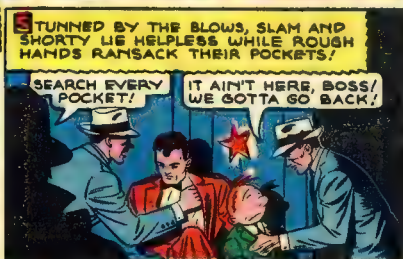
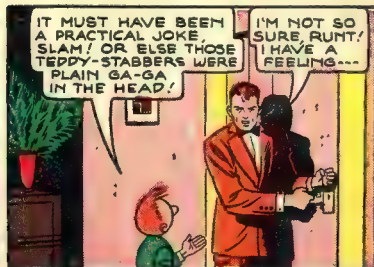
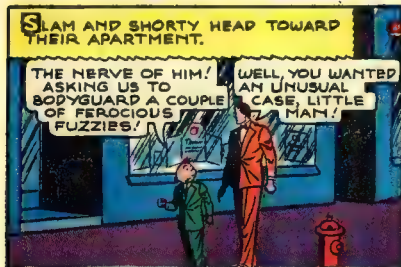
HELP!

WHAT----

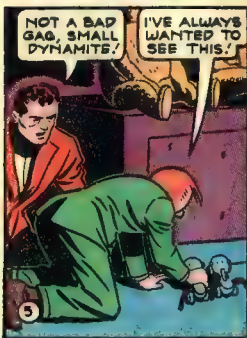
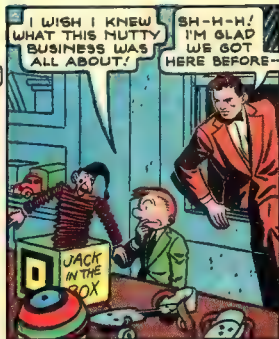


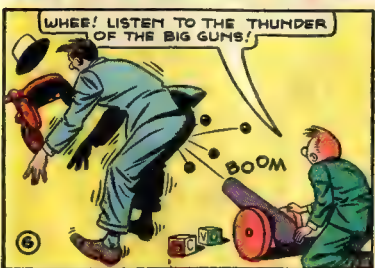
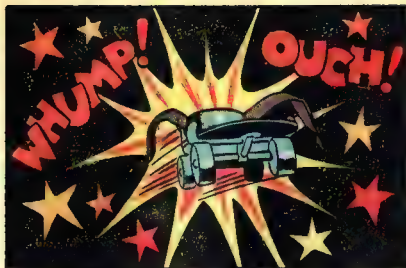


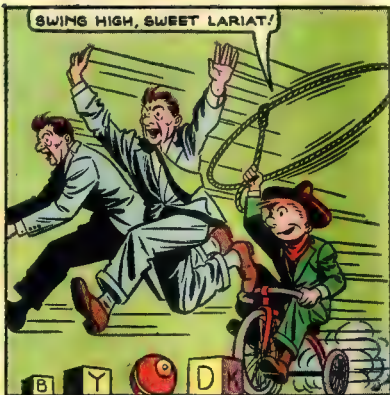
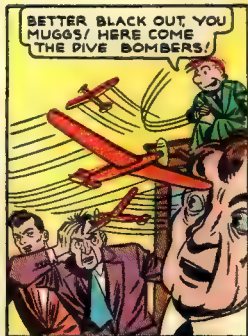




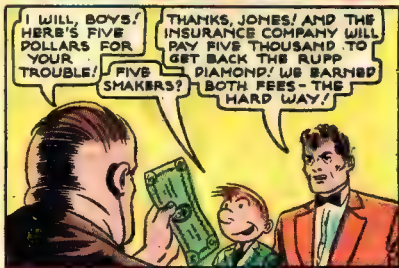
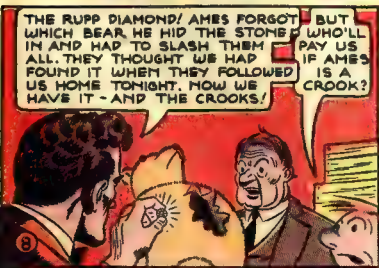
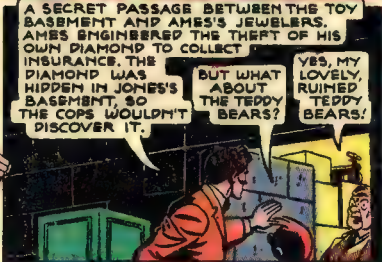
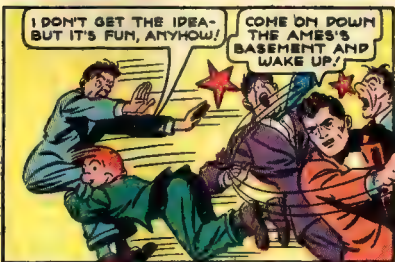
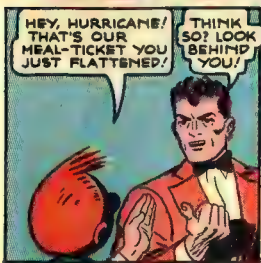
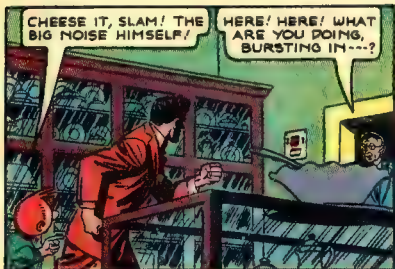












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